



JOSH CUT CAPERS AT DUTCH TREAT CLUB DINNER

By EARL N. FINDLEY.

HAVERLOCK ELLIS has considerable authority on birth rates or eugenics, but we incline to the opinion that the crop of geniuses about thirty-five or forty years ago was considerable. This is the conclusion reached after an inspection of the luminaries lined up at the ninth annual dinner of the Dutch Treat Club, at Delmonico's, on last Tuesday evening.

It was not to answer the Delmonico dinner that artists left their studios in the suburbs and their tips with the hatboys at Fifth Avenue and Forty-fourth Street last week. An opera was presented for the first time. James Montgomery Flagg, president of the Dutch Treat Club, wrote all the words for the piece. The music was composed by William Merriam Daly, nephew of the late Dan Daly. As considerable judge of musical entertainment, people Dan would have felt that Daly traditions were safe from rust could he have been here.

BROADWAY NEED NOT REPINE; IT WILL HAVE A CHANCE.

This young composer's product will not, it is hereby announced, always be confined to Broadway. One of these nights an incandescent invitation to experience its charm will be extended to the Broadway public. This may be an advertising matter, but our motto is: First Last the Truth.

The cast will soon pass before you, imitating the author's thoughts. It is assumed that Mr. Flagg has taken to dictating illustrations into a phonograph. Otherwise he would be compelled to work himself in three shifts of eight hours each.

It seems best to take a quick survey of the Dutch Treat audience before drawing back the curtain, as a complete list of those present would thrill artistic circles everywhere. It is necessary to omit about 465 names that are always household words, because the list has taken so much space for sketches, some look through the haze of active persons, and some disclose the venerable domes of Charles Gibson, Boardman Robinson, C. Allan Gibson, Orson Lowell, John Wolcott Adams and Art Young. These men have given the more satire, pretty girls and anarchy might seem possible, until you stop and

think it over. "Their illustrations are everywhere except in 'The New Republic.'"

James E. Tower, who knows the woman's magazine field backwards, having been in charge of the household department of "Designer," and now the editor of "Designer," raised no objection to the fact that there was not one woman in the room during dinner. Rutgers Jewett, of Appleton's, is secretary of the Dutch Treat Club. He sat not far from Ellis Parker Butler, whose corner in pigs resulted in his being subject to taxes on various corner lots in Flushing.

Rupert Hughes, author of a novel which proved he knew his New York from bread-line derelicts to silken debutantes, enjoyed the show in company with Ellis O. Jones, who writes the good stuff in "Life," and Samuel Merwin, whose stories are as much of a success as "Success," when he edited it, was a failure.

And there were also present A. E. Thomas, the playwright; F. P. A.—describe him between two dashes if you can—; Dr. Woods Hutchinson, who writes of mince pie as a sleeping compound; Wallace Irwin, who have long since been approaching up to tall word price; Charles Hanson Towne, the sweet singer, who is now chanting words of hope to aspiring poets as editor of "McClure's Magazine," and one of our most accurate authorities on Electric Light Bohemia; and Julian Street, whose two great weaknesses are George Bernard Shaw and Joseph Conrad—neither of whom he understands.

Among the editors were Haydon Carruth, Colonel Bill Johnston, George Carteret, D. Zabriskie Doty, John Thompson, Arthur T. Vance, Trumbull White and Tom Masson.

The audience had Temperament.

REINALD WERRENATH STARTED THINGS MELODIOUSLY.

Therefore, it appreciated the surprise when, after an unknown man in a Delmonico uniform had come before the curtain and climbed to the top of a ladder ostensibly to repair some hitch in the proceedings, the orchestra opened up on a classic basis, and Reinald Werrenath, the handsome young soloist from Denmark, unloosed a flood of song.

With dynamic intensity Weary sang the Prologue in five stanzas. This will give you an idea of the whole:

This night we dedicate to Joy,
For even married men!
Be foolish once again, my boy,
And hiccough now and then.

The emotional power of the singer, together with the beauty and popularity of the appeal, obtained immediate and desired results. And then the curtains parted.

Scene: Courtroom.

Time: When the curtain got hitched back.

LIFTING THE VEIL OF MYSTERY FROM THE PROCEEDINGS.

Everything that was spoken and sung has been copyrighted by the Dutch Treat Club, but we will be as daring in lifting from the opera as the Business Office will permit. It would be impossible to improve on the words, and what makes a story of a Dutch Treat Affair worth reading is the satisfaction of knowing that this and that celebrity uttered, with or without music, that and this bright thing, to resultant applause and loud calls for the author.

The plot will unfold itself as we proceed, but you are warned that it, too, has been fully copyrighted.

From left to right, forming a quartet that sang the opening chorus entitled, "We Should Worry," were Joseph C. Chase, an artist whose beard was real, the counsel for the defendant; "Herb" Roth, cartoonist, dressed very loudly, as became a court stenographer; Wm. H. Walker, who signs his pictures just like that, and sells them every time, wearing a red tie, red socks and a Palm Beach suit, as the District Attorney, and August Hutaf, every inch a member of the finest.

The burden of their song was: "As the doctor dotes on sickness, we love wickedness and crime."

There was much about the song which made it an extremely easy thing to enjoy. The artists sang with so much spirit that the audience was permitted to get more than a glimpse into the librettist's meaning, and their dancing stimulated the imagination. It seemed more than likely there would be a trial.

His honor, in the person of Rea Irvin, whose signature on Japanese illustrations is the most expensive thing about them, and a decorative feature as well, rushed wildly into court, waving his arms about his head. He told Mulligan, the policeman, to go outside and order the mob from the door.

When the judge sat down everybody else did, and then, after getting out his shaving things and lathering his face, he asked Mulligan: "Why that unseemly mob?"

Mulligan: It's a celebrated case, your honor; first time in twenty years any one has been accused of it.

His Honor: What is the charge?

Mulligan: Making drawings with intent to illustrate—the District Attorney found new evidence and changed it to illustration in the first degree!

They brought in the prisoner, Harrison Gibson Thirsty, enacted by James Shelley Hamilton, the best dramatic critic of 164 Waverley Place, and when he was informed that he must tell the court his business he apologized, as follows:

It's this way, you see, in my family, The rest are all clever and smart. My people all said, as I hadn't a head, I might just as well take up art. I make funny marks, which are lobsters or larks.

Or lovers or mauve limousines.

If you want to know, read the captions below; It explains in the Worst Magazines.

Mr. Walker, the District Attorney, addressed the court in a fashion that, if he would only be serious, would place him in the chair as New York's next Governor, and with biting incisiveness said:

"We will prove that the wretch you see writhing in the light of discovery has wantonly defied one of the most cherished American traditions, and has ruthlessly and with demoniacal intelligence, nay, even with psychological intuition and painstaking sympathy, correctly and adequately illustrated a story in the first degree!"

A murmur of horror swept over the courtroom. Thirsty hid his face with groans. A juror made of wax fainted, and Mulligan fanned him.

His Honor (still shaving): In my seventy-three years on the bench I have never—

Entered Robert W. Shameless, the prisoner's accuser, impersonated impressively by Arthur William Brown, the artist, superbly attired as a writer, from white spats to monocle. He danced with great daintiness, after asserting in his mild way that he did not go in for rough stuff in his stories, adding:

"I sing the praise of ribboned stays, Of gauzy stockings, Vive l'Amour!"

District Attorney: Mr. Shameless, tell the court in your own words—

Mulligan: One moment, Mr. District Attorney. Do you realize how expensive that will be, if he uses his own words?

District Attorney: Never mind the expense—the state pays the bills. Go on, Mr. Shameless, in your own words!

Shameless: Pardon me, but I would like to call your attention to the fact that I reserve second and third serial, moving picture and dramatic rights!

District Attorney: That is understood. Tell the court in your copyrighted own words—

Counsel for Defendant: I object! On the grounds that if this is to be a serial it calls for a conclusion!

His Honor: Sustained and overruled! Proceed!

Asked to admit that he was by profession a story teller, the witness was ordered not to reply, the District Attorney addressing the court as follows:

"I ask that that be stricken from the record, as being irrefutable, uncomplimentary and unsanitary."

The judge sustained him.

QUALIFIED AS AN EXPERT IN ANY AND ALL LINES.

The next witness was Owen Johnson, a part sung to perfection by Reinald Werrenath. A few lines of his first verse description of himself as a man who expresses opinions on all subjects for publication went as follows:

I'm in The Morning Tribune,
I'm in "The Evening Sun,"
"The Sunday Times" and "Herald,"
A page in every one.
I'm in the sporting column,
The Shop and Shipping News,
On every known subject
Owen gives his views.

He was asked if his "Salamander" was illustrated.

Johnson: Drawings were made for it. District Attorney: You must answer yes or no. Was the story illustrated?

Johnson: Yes and no. Bill Paris was the next witness, a splendid imitation of an ideal Jack London being given by Jack Hines.

"I like the way I'm dressed, Show the feathers on my chest." being a slight intimation merely of the kind of hit that was made by three whole verses and a chorus.

It was Bill Paris's opinion that the prisoner was not a good illustrator, unless you would consider a hen good that laid one good egg.

When the witness said he believed the prisoner had done one perfect illustration for one story the District Attorney said: "That will do."

STURDY AND HIGHLY FLATTERING DEFENCE BY COUNSEL.

Counsel for the defence then declared the state had no case.

"Our client," he went on, "never made a good illustration in his life, and we can prove it."

J. Swaying Reed, by Bob More or Less Wildhack, was asked:

"As editor of 'The Masses' you know what rotten drawings are, do you not?"

Considerable interest was aroused by the announcement of the District Attorney that his next witness would be Bla Filbertus. T. Gilbert White was a ringer for the Fra. He is one of our best mural decorators. It is whispered that he will get the contract to mural the subway in the spring.

J. Reducing Glass was a character part especially well done by Jack Welles, who rowed stroke oar on the Glee Club at Syracuse a few years ago and is now a concert singer where the sweetest tenor notes are in demand. He had perhaps the prettiest song as well as figure in the show, the former being Pink and Green, a waltz time affair that was full of color and feeling.

It was ended by His Honor nominating the prisoner for Governor, but not until after Grantland Rice, the poet, who had been sitting with five dummy jurymen for two hours without giving any inkling of the fact that he was not one of them, arose as foreman and announced that they had come to a decision.

His Honor demanded of Mr. Thirsty where his aged mother was, that she was not in court to fall weeping into his arms, and the former prisoner said:

"She's teaching the maxixe at the McAlpin."

Miss Tillie Wood then appeared, and the five dummy jurymen were the only Dutch Treaters, on or off the stage, who were not favorably impressed.

Next year the tenth annual show will be given by the Dutch Treat Club, and prosperous artists and writers will leave their abodes in the suburbs twice a week for six weeks to rehearse, arriving back home in time to do the milking, all because they are good fellows who want to give other good fellows a good time.